SCHOLAR THINKS WAR WILL SOLVE **JEWISH PROBLEM**

Dr. Richard Gottheil, Guest of Menorah Society at U. of P., Says Future of Races Hangs in Balance.

Tir. Richard Gottheil, professor of Orlental languages at Columbia Univerelir and one of the foremost Jewish scholers in America, today declared the Jewish problem in Russia, Galicia and in Palestins would be solved by the present war. Doctor Gottheil is the guest of the Mandrah Society of the University of Jennerah Society of the University of Jenneylvinia, where a special evening was arranged in his honor last night.

Moraking of the benefits Jews will delive from this war, Doctor Gottheil said:

"Part of the great war now colors of the second that war, Doctor Gottheil said:

Tart of the great war now going on is being fought out in territories very largely Jewish. In Galicia and parts of Russia and Austria, where battles are taking place, there is a large accumulation of Jawish people. In Russia there are at least 5,000,000 Jows, probably more than buff of all the Jawa existing in the than half of all the Jews existing in the whole world. In Galicia many towns are almost exclusively Jewish.

Within the last few weeks Palestine tent has come into the fray, and not only are the hundred thousand Jewish inhabitants in danger of their lives and over as to whether a bright future of property, but the work which has been not is opened up for the Jewish people."

going on in that country in the last as or to rears, looking to the upbuilding of a civilization there, is jeopardised.

a civilization there, is jeopardized.

'In the final reckoning, which must come at the end of the war, several Jawish questions will have to be settled. First, there is the Russian question. There are as many as 20,000 Jews fighting in the ranks of the Russian army, and it is the hope of many of us that Russia, by allying herself with the two most democratic Powers in Western Europe. France and England, will herself receive such an impetus to change her political status that of its own account the Jewish question will be settled within her borders.

"Secondly, the Rumanian question must

"Secondly, the Rumanian question must settled. Two hundred and fifty thou-

be settled. Two hundred and fifty thousands Jews who still remain in Rumania must be taken into full citizenship in that country.

"There is also the Palestinian question, which would have to be solved. I have for many years been a great friend of the Ottoman Empire. I have always held that at a time when Europe was practically closed to our brethren in the 18th and 18th centuries, it was the Turkish Government which opened the doors through which the Jews went who escaped from the Spanish and Portuguese inquisitions.

caped from the Spanish and Portuguese inquisitions.

"I looked upon it as a source of great regret that Turkey allowed itself to be led into the war. Turkey surely will be the loser. If the central European Powers are the victors, Turkey not only falls into the orbit which has its centro at Berlin, but becomes nothing more than a corner of the German Empire. If, on the other hand, the Allies win, I am very much afraid that the doem of Turkey is sealed.

"I believe that the future of our people and the future of our race is intimately bound up with the Holy Land, and that it will depend upon the solution that is given to this question when the war is

The fog fairy was so surprised that

Violet had climbed on him and was

to say no. So he obligingly let her

stay, and away they salled through the

Just as they were in the midst of

fairy tremble. "What's the matter?"

she asked. "I don't see anything to

"Don't you feel the sun in the air?"

Yes, now that you speak of it, I

"He won't harm you; but he will

kill me!" cried the fog fairy in distress. "I feel him coming! I feel

Even as the fog fairy was speaking

the sun burst through the clouds and

shone clear and warm. And at his first

warm breath the fog fairy melted into

nothingness and Violet was left alone

Down she floated-down-down-and

she landed right on the back of the very last butterfly of the season. "I'm

glad there was one butterfly left," she

said gratefully as the buttercup gently

carried her home. "There's always

somebody to help me out of trouble and

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HELLO!

Did YOU ever help Santa Claus?

Bring a toy-or a jolly little five-

cent piece-to make some other

Would you like to? Of course,

asked the fog fairy in a frightened

won't harm you."

take me home!"

you would!

Come to his

Chastnut street!

girl or boy happy.

Will you?

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Butterfly Airship

O'NE forgy morning in the fall of swered Violet politely. "Just let me the year a tiny little fairy named ride on your back." Violet took a sudden notion she wanted to go for a ride.

"Go for a ride?" exclaimed her sister ready to go riding before he had time Buttercup. "How can you go for a ride on such a foggy day as this? misty air. There are no sunbeams to ride upon!" (You see, fairles usually beg a ride of a beautiful ride Violet felt the fog the passing sunbeam when they wish to go anywhere.)

"Oh, I know that," replied Violet; be afraid of. Why do you tremble?" "but that doesn't bother me; I'm sure I'll get my ride some way." Violet was such a cheerful, pleasant little fairy that everybody liked her. She never worried; she never fretted; she always remembered that there is a way



"This is my busy day!" to do anything one wants to do-if only one is clever enough to think of

So when she wanted to do something new she never stopped to fret because alle couldn't do it as many a fairy or person might-not she!-she merely set to work planning how to do what she wanted to do! And she nearly always found a way!

thoright way!

this particular foggy morning. when the sunbeams were all asleep, she looked around to see who was about. Not a soul could she see-it was so foggy she could hardly see her-

"Well!" she exclaimed to herself. laughingly, "if nobody but fog is around I guess I'll have to ride on the

Ride on the fog?" cried Buttercup. "Your can't do that!" "Can't I?" asked Violet. "You just watch me!"

Buttercup watched as Violet hailed a misty, moisty fog fairy. "Please, Mr. Fog." she cried, "I want to go for a

"A ride?" exclaimed the fog fairy, so surprised he could hardly speak. haven't time to take you for a ride. This is my busy day!"

'Oh I won't take your time," an-



JOHN ERLEIGH SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor,"

SYNOPSIS.

John Erleigh, headmaster of Harstree School, has persuaded Lady Anne Wimberley to send her fatherless boy to his school. Our the fatherless boy to his school. Our the boy, is to inherit the vast Wimberley estate, and as his uncle, Lord Arthur Heriet, explains to Erleigh, there are many relatives who would like to see the boy put out of the way, so that they might inherit the estate.

Lord Arthur then explains that on alternat has aircady been made to hidney the boy. He suspects one of two cousins, herbers and William Meriet, of having intentions on the Boy's life. Erleigh agrees to look after him. A few days later he confesses to Lady Anne that he loves her; she tells him the loves him, too. The boy is a band between them. Erleigh finds an applicant for a manter-ship in his school to be it former acquinctatance, who entited Terligan Vertigan reminist Erleigh of the crime he consmitted in hilling a man by a heavy blow, and letting another man take the blame for the sake of his (Erleigh's) states hame for the sake of his (Erleigh's) states hame for the sake of his (Erleigh's) is a pite of the other man be imprisoned. He now taster on being them in a master.

He suggests blackwail, but in apple of the school any goes on a paper chase and loses the trail.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued) "Seen any of our fellows go by, sir?" tuerled Wimberley. The man shook his head. "I've seen no one," he answered,

"are you looking for any one" 'We're out for a run-paperchase, you know-Ive lost the trail."

The man looked at Wimberley and laughed. "You've had about enough of "I know the sort of thingused to hate it when I was your age-run and run and nothing at the end of itslow game for boys.

"It's such a rotten day, sir-and I've a bit of a cold. Still, I'm going through with it. You are, ch? Well, Im a doctor, and I'd advise you to get home and change your clothes. You come from Harptree,

"Yes, sir."
"Well, I'll give you a lift, if you like Ive got my motor waiting-not more than a quarter of a mile from here. I was just going a bit of a walk, but I can do without that."

Wimberley looked at the man doubt-

'Alleyn will give me a licking," he said with a grin. "Who's Alleyn? Nonsense. I'll speal to Mr. Erleigh about it. I know Mr. Er-leigh quite well."

"That won't be any use, sir. He won' interfere with the prefects; but I do feel a bit queer."
"You look It. You'd better come with believe I do," replied Violet. "But what of that? The sun is friendly; he in bed, where you cought to be."

"Oh. rot-I'm not as bad as all that.
But I'll never catch up the others now,
and I'll be glad of a lift. It's jolly kind
of you." 'Come along." said the stranger, taking

the boy's arm.

They made their way along the path under the dripping trees. A close observer might have noticed that the stranger kept glancing sharply from side to side, as though he expected to see some one in the deaths of the wood. n the depths of the wood.

"What's your name?" queried the man, is they neared the edge of the wood. "Mine's Anderson-Doctor Anderson." "My name is Wimberley, sir," the boy

Wimberley, ch? Not Lord Wimber

"Yes, sin"
Doctor Anderson held out a strong lean hand.
"Shake," he said. "I knew your father years ago-and I'm proud to meet his The boy shook hands shyly. Then he

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started as Doctor Anderson caught hold of his arm and commenced to run.
"I say, what's up?" he gasped.
"Nothing-only you must keep warm-must keep warm-you'll eatch your death

They emerged from the wood, and Wimberiev saw a big limousine car standing in the road. The engines were purring softly, "I say," he said breathlessly, "what a

"has done 76 miles in the hour-"
"My lord," some one shouted behind
them; "stop, my lord, I want to speak to ou."
Wimberley turned, and was jerked off wind feet. The chauffeur sprang from his last feet.

seat and stood by the car, one hand in the pocket of his coat. Doctor Anderson laughed and helped the boy to rise.
"Sorry." he said: "I thought it was your friend Alleyn, and wanted to get you clear of him. I don't know who the fellow is, but he wants to speak to you."
Wimberley turned and saw Decham.

Wimberley turned and saw Denham, the head footman from Monksilver. The man came forward and touched his hat respectfully. Sorry, my lord," he gasped, "but-I caught sight of you-I was on my way into Harptree-with a message from her ladyship. You're to come back with me, my lord."

"With you, Denham? Oh, that's all ubbish-how can I go without leave?" Doctor Anderson intervened. "I'll take Lord Wimberley up to Menksilver in my car," he said quietly; "I was just going to take him back to Harptree. He's wet through and ought to go to bed. But if the

"nis lordship must come with me, sir," said Denham, rather more sharply than a

servant ought to speak to his betters. Lord Wimberley frowned. "I say, Denham." he said, "look here-I'm not in the nursery now-I'm going to do what I like. Why can't you come in the car?"

"Certainly, my lord, if this gentleman vill take me "You'll take him, sir, won't you?" said Wimberley. Yes; of course.

Denium was annoyed. Of course, Lady Wimberley had not sent for her son. It would be difficult to explain without telling Lady Wimberley the truth. And Lord Arthur's instructions were very explicit on that point.

"Do you think, sir," said the detective, that it would be wise for his young ordship to sit when he is so wet? Wouldn't it be better for him to keep oving?" Doctor Anderson smiled and looked at

his watch his watch.
"By Jove," he said, "I had no idea it was so late. I'm afraid I can't go up to Monkailver after all. I'm very sorry.

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A JA

Goodby, my lad. I hope you won't catch cold. You must have a hot bath when you get in and go to bed." He turned on his heel and walked Incubator Chicks Will Break Their

oward the car. "Stay here, my lord," said Denham, "I want to have a word with your friend."
He overtook Dr. Anderson as the latter
was stepping into the motor.
"You'd better not fry this game
again," Denham said in a low voice, "or

ment Armory. The incubator is one of the exhibits at the poultry show being conducted by the Philadelphia Poultry Pigeon and Pot Stock Association. on'll get into trouble."
The doctor seated himself and closed The eggs were rolling about last night and picking at the shells could be heard. If all goes well, experts say the little "peeps" should emerge from their brittle covers by noon.

the door.
"I suppose you're mad," he said. "I'm afraid I shall have to complain to Lady Wimberley of your behavior."
"Yes, I would if I were you."
The car moved slowly off. Denham glanced at the number, but no doubt it was a false one. He took more particular notice of the car liself, of the chauffeur's face and the features of Doctor Anderson. He had an excellent memory for small details.

"I say," he said breathlessly, "what a sauty" "Pity I couldn't go with them," he "Sixty-horse," said Doctor Anderson; said to himself, "but they are two to one said to himself, "but they are two to one and probably armed. One thing is quite certain. They wish to do things quietly or they'd have knocked me silly and taken the boy off with them."

He returned to Lord Wimberley, who was stamping his feet and rubbing his hands together to keep warm.
"I say, Donham," said the boy, "what's the meaning of all this rot".
"The meaning, my lord, is that it

"The meaning, my lord, is that it open't do for young gentlemen like you pal up to strangers."
"What's the harm, anyway?"

"It don't do, my lord. Her ladyship doesn't like it,"
"None of your business, Denham," said the boy sharply. "What does mother want to see me about?"

want to see me about?"
"Nothing, my lord, She doesn't want
to see you. I made that an excuse, so
to speak. Now you'd better be going on
back to school."

'I say, you have some cheek, Denham, ordering a fellow about." "I hope I know my place, my lord. But

\$717 More Contributed for American it won't do, young gentlemen like you making frierids to atrangers. And I must ask you, my lord, to tell her ladyship nothing whatever about this affair."

Contributions of \$717 have swelled the fund for the American Ambulance Hos-pital of Paris to \$7741.95, it was announced "Oh, I shall do as I choose."
"Indeed you must not, my lord. It would upset her ladyship dreadfully if she were to hear of this." The contributions are as follows: Mrs E. Fry
Kate E. Stevens
Miss A. W. P.
Mrs Samuel Stockton White Jr.
Henry R. Coxs (I bed 6 months).
J. G. Rosengarten
Devid E. Williams
Louis A. Biddle

'Why?" said the boy sharply. His keen res were sparitling. He scented a myscan't tell you why, my lord. But I'll ask Lord Arthur to explain to you."
Wimberley looked at him with a puz-

hink the doctor was going to do with

me?"
"Nothing, my lord, but take you back to Harptree. Please don't ask me questions, it's not my place to answer them. Lord Arthur will explain to you. Now you'd batter run home, my lord-you don't look at all well."
"Western the standard of the standard

Wimberley laughed, and set off at a jog trot. Denham stood waiching him until he had disappeared from sight. "A near shave that," he said to him-self. "If I'd had my pistol I'd have pulled off a big thing."

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ens will poke their heads from their

shells, stretch their tiny wings and walk about their incubator in the lat Regi-

Last night the awards of prizes for the

best poultry were announced. The first prize winners follow:

Buff Cochin Cock-James Williams.
Buff Cochin Hen-James Williams.
Buff Cochin Hen-James Williams.
Buff Cochin Cockerel-Mrs. Mary E. Fry.
Buff Cochin Puliet-Mrs. Mary E. Fry.
Partridge Cochin Cock-Joseph Elias.
Partridge Cochin Hen-Joseph Elias.
Partridge Cochin Cockerel-Minch Brothers.
Partridge Cochin Puliet-Minch Brothers.
Single Comb White Legiorn Cock-W. H.
Single Comb White Legiorn Cock-W. H.

illiams. Single Comb White Leghern Hen-W. H. Illiams. Single Comb White Leghern Cockers W. H.

Comb White Leghorn Pullet-W. H.

Comb White Leghorn Pen-Robert and

David.

Dragoon Cock—A. Bateman.

Dragoon Hen—Wilson S. Lechner.

Lragoon 1913 Cock—A. Bateman.

Dragoon 1913 Hen—Eyre Merdler.

Dragoon 1914 Cock—A. Esteman.

Dragoon 1914 Cock—A. Usteman.

Maitess Hen Pigeon Cock—Edward G.

Arner. White Maltess Hen Pigeon Hen-Joseph May. White Maltess Hen Pigeon Young Bird-

HOSPITAL FUND NOW \$7741.98

Institution in Paris.

ARTISTS' RELIEF FUND \$5000

More than \$5000 was realized from the sale of pictures and statuary in the Art

Club for the benefit of the Allied Arts Fund of the Emergency Aid Committee, which closed yesterday. Not a single pic-ture of the large collection remained.

The sales vesterday amounted to \$2000, Clothing and other necessities will be pur-chased for the destitute families of artists

who are fighting in the European war

Previously acknowledged

Total to date

W. Bird. Red Carneau Cock-Andrew C. Mateon. Red Carneau Hen-A. J. Hopkins. Red Carneau Young Cock-J. George

Red Carneau Young Hen-J. George

year. BOOKS The Finest to be had.

SANTA CLAUS WILL TRAVEL BY PARCEL POST NEXT WEEK

Even Will Use Mail Service to Send His Christmas Gift of Dinners to the Poor and Needy.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15 .- Santa Claus will travel by parcel post this Christmas, and Postmaster General Burleson and postmen in all the cities and towns and crossroads in the United States today are working hard to give him a comfortable ourney to the homes of the little girls

and boys in America. Not only will Santa Claus carry his millions of toys and books, boots, candy and guns by parcel post, but the hundreds of thousands of Christmas dinners which Santa Claus provides every year for the poor will, according to Mr. Burle-son, who is Santa's general manager in the United States, be brought to the doors of many thousands of families by

doors of many thousands of families by postmen.

Postmaster General Burleson said to-day his department had been busy two months preparing for the Christmas business, and that everything is ready now for the lith-hour journey of Krisa Kringle next week. Postmasters in every city and town have been authorized to employ any number of assistants so that every article intended for Christmas will be at its destination by Christmas Day.

Its destination by Christmas Day.

The Postoffice Department, he said, ex-The Postoffice Department, he said, expects to carry thousands of turkeys from farmers to their city patrons. Even a greater business than that at Thankagiving is anticipated. As an evidence of the vast number of turkeys shipped for Thanksgiving, Postmaster General Burleson cited letters from the postmasters of Minneapolis and St. Louis. At Minneapolis postoffice more than 2000 turkeys were received Wednesday before Thanksgiving, and at St. Louis more than 2000.

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